

# The Secret Life of Shiranui Kyou

by 14Phantom

Category: HakuÅ•ki/è-„æ;æé-¼

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Sanosuke H., Shiranui K.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-07-26 03:56:12

Updated: 2014-09-21 00:57:37

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:20:33

Rating: T

Chapters: 3

Words: 3,955

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: You know, life was pretty 'good' when foreign demons weren't running around Japan. Life was almost 'fun' when women didn't complicate things. And most of all, life was completely 'normal' when dead people stayed dead. Shiranui thought he really wanted his normal life back. Related to Hanashobu and Exotic Flower.

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*The Secret Life of Shiranui Kyou\*\***

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Chapter 1: Graduating to chasing carrots.<strong>

I tapped my foot to the rhythm of pop music coming from the teen clothing store up the strip. For a Friday afternoon in March, the mall was pretty laid back. The cashier at the front eyed me expectantly. I hadn't ordered anything yet.

Ookawa Yuuya, a pure-blooded Oni like me, was never on time.

She said meet up at two; I came at two-thirty. It was ten to three now and I hadn't so much as gotten a text from her. If there was one thing, anything, I'd learned in the past year that I hadn't learned in two centuries. . . it's probably be patience.

I leaned back in my chair, ignoring the blatant glare from the baristas. I glanced up and down the mall strip.

Amid the sparse crowd, Yuuya's cobalt blue mane looked windblown. Her bangs stuck up everywhere and she strutted with casual purpose.

Without hurrying she entered the coffee house. I put on my best scowl and met her eyes. Nodding (not apologetically) to me, she stepped up

to the counter and ordered.

"Medium vanilla bean coffee-two sugars, no cream-and a large strawberry shake, please."

She paid by card and brought the drinks down. It was our rule: arrive late and pay.

"What's up?" I asked. "That was a personal best. Fifty-five minutes late."

She sank into her chair. "My father is being very persistence about my becoming engaged to a certain foreign demon. Monsieur Desrosiers, I believe."

"Didn't we have enough trouble with the foreign demons last year?"

"That's exactly why the Elders think fostering familiar relationships with them will be good." She shook her head. Her opinion on the whole matter was clear: uninterested. "The real problem is he wants him to attend my graduation ceremony."

I lowered my cup. "Graduation ceremony?"

She glowered. "Yes, I am a high school senior. A graduating high school senior. Didn't I mention this already?"

Being two Oni, we didn't really talk about age and stuff. Wasn't a big deal, though, admittedly, I hadn't thought she was quite that young.

"It's not like attending your graduation ceremony is a big deal." Just a formality. He'd say congratulations and leave, probably. "Haven't you had suitors before? I'm sure you have, and you're still single. Drive him away with your lovely charm, like you did the rest."

She fixed me with her smoldering turmeric eyes, daring me to say something else. "I want you to attend my graduation ceremony."/p

"I don't do suits."

"Yes, you do. You are coming to my graduation ceremony to deter the French man."

Oh, yeah, I could do that. One look at my ripped muscles and dashing good looks would send anyone running away. "Your old man picked him, right? I really doubt a highly ranked noble demon is going to be 'deterred' by a washed up Oni."

"Maybe not. You certainly do not look threatening," she mocked, slurping her shake and blushing. She thought that was the single most embarrassing thing in the world. "He's five foot four and looks forty-five."

I laughed. She was five foot six and refused to go without her heels. "I'm what, two hundred?" and almost five-nine. A decent height for an Oni of my time. Kazama was about the same, but I didn't count Amagiri. He was a freak.

She kicked my shin under the table as I brought my mug to my lips. I burnt my tongue and flopped hot coffee over the rim, onto my hand.

"You are going to my graduation if I have to rent you a suit myself."

\* \* \*

><p>I made it back to my apartment by seven, after following up our coffee date with dinner and a movie. Yuuya freaking loved that kind of thing.<p>

The three story block I called an apartment was a combination of crumbling plaster and wooden doors, two windows per set. It came with a bathroom, though the plumbing only worked about sixty percent of the time. With my meager salary it was all I could hope for and still manage to feed myself three meals a day.

I took the steps two at a time, climbing to the top floor. It might not have been the prettiest or smelled the greatest, but at least the windows weren't warped shut. The doors often jammed when the humidity was high, though it wasn't something I worried about. The old lady in the apartment over sometimes asked me to force hers open.

I opened the door, realizing I'd forgotten to lock up again. Wasn't anything to steal anyways. The mini fridge was the only thing worth stealing, and even then it was only yard sale value.

The chunky door mowed over a pair of sneakers, pushing aside another. I considered turning around and leaving.

Sitting at the wobbly old zataku table on my two available cushions were Tsubaki Takamaru and Agano Kaname. Both were drinking canned coffee from the vending machine in the downstairs lobby.

Kaname hadn't worked as my partner more than twice since he'd recovered from his broken leg. Instead he'd taken on a more professional countenance, spikey jelled hair tamed. Last I heard he'd been doing a lot of negotiations between the Japanese and European demons.

Tsubaki Takamaru, formerly a bona fide human being, was now a demon made so by the perks of hybrid blood. Maria's blood-Ren's girlfriend and newest addition to the ever growing Kazama family.

We (Ren, Maria, and me) had tried to keep Takamaru's condition a secret but obviously it hadn't worked out.

He was doing better than he had initially, only that still wasn't enough for the dark circles to fade.

Takamaru propped his head up on the palm of his hand, arm propped up on the table, table propped up by his knee. Auburn hair stuck in his half shut eyelashes.

"What happened this time?" I wasn't a pessimist, it was just seriously that bleak when these two were together.

"The Agano are sending me on a diplomatic mission to Paris. As such, Tsubaki Takamaru is officially your partner. Indefinitely."

I could count on Kaname to get to the point. He and his father had that in common. Hard to imagine they both were directly related to Kazama.

I glanced at Takamaru. He didn't seem particularly bothered by this news. So far he hadn't complained about the Agano workload, or even quit his first job as a bicycle courier of 'goods and gossip'.

Part of that might have been his gratitude of being accepted as a deviant human, rather than being killed or having to watch Maria and Ren be punished instead.

I guessed the Agano had been too busy dealing with the mess created by Reginald Fairbairn. Either that or Ren had pressured his little brother, leader of the Agano.

"Alright. Bye. Have fun in Paris." I grabbed a beer from the fridge before sitting down with them. "So, we just keep doing what we've been doing?"

Takamaru yawned weakly and Kaname gulped down his can of coffee. He stepped back into his shoes after tossing the can into the recycling bin.

"Good riddance," I called after him.

"Same to you, Shiranui-san."

Kaname'd been like a probation officer for me these last few years. I could say a lot of things about him too, and being an underachiever wasn't one. With a start I realized that was my position now, watching over Tsubaki Takamaru-an offender.

The door clicked behind him and I sipped my beer.

"Do you have anything to eat here?"

"What?" I complained. "Don't you have grub at your own place? You're the one who's rolling in the dough, not me."

"He let his hand slip from his chin and plunked his head onto the tabletop. "I can't go back to my place right now."

"Why the hell not? You better not be asking to crash here." I had a single living space, cooking space, and sleeping space, combined. It was stuffy enough trying to live by myself.

"I can't?"

"No." I wouldn't mind trading apartments instead. He had a fifty inch television and satellite T.V. "What's up?"

He shifted his head on the table. "There's this girl from the university. She noticed my strange appearance and behavior."

"And? You're afraid of her somehow finding out you're slightly less than human?" I really doubted that. He'd have to do something really

bizarre for any normal person to conclude he'd transformed into a demon.

"No, it's just she's so concerned and won't leave me alone and. . ." he trailed off, lifting his head. There was a red mark across his brow.

"You still have vampiric urges," I finished.

He preened his eyebrows with his thumb and index fingers, and then effortlessly squashed his coffee can flat. Behind his lips were elongated canines, held in check by silver implants at the base of each.

"There are some things I could live without in this situation."

"Sucks, man." I stared at the aluminum disk. "How much does it cost to rent a suit?"

He blew out a short laugh, teeth just barely showing. "Yuuya has you chasing carrots."

## 2. Chapter 2

**\*\*The Secret Life of Shiranui Kyou\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 2: Hitman\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>"Arms out,"<p>

I unenthusiastically lifted my arms. The seamstress whipped out her measuring tape, deftly rolling it down my back, then up my arm.

Yuuya sat in a plush armchair, legs crossed at the knees as she sized up ties and matching handkerchiefs. "I think a bowtie would look charming."

"And I think I'd rather wear spandex shorts." Spandex shorts. Save that shit for the Olympics.

"Pink or orange, Shiranui-san?"

"Neither," if I wanted to look like a bloody peacock I'd ask Kazama for advice. He didn't have much appreciation for contemporary clothing but that didn't stop the talent scouts from approaching him.

Yuuya crumpled a tie, jaw grinding. "I am not dressing like a mourner for my graduation. Hurry up and pick a color."

"Blue,"

"No." She smoothed her hair down, sighing. I liked blue but, according to Yuuya, it was our worst color.

The woman taking my measurements finished jotting down numbers and headed to the backroom. I stretched and let my arms drop. We'd been browsing for at least an hour now.

"Look at this tie; it would match perfectly with my graduation clothes."

I glanced over at her. She was holding up an orange tie with a subtle red and pink floral print. The bright yellow of the pollen-covered stamens brought the flowers into focus. They were camellias.

"Alright, good enough." Just get this over with.

She was happy with my concession.

"Did you tell your father?"

"Tell him what?"

I could see how this was going to end now. Not well. "That you're bringing me to your graduation ceremony?"

Yuuya pursed her lips, thick sculpted brows raised. "\_Hell no\_. It is supposed to shock him and the French man, and if the French man thinks I am \_promiscuous\_ he may reconsider."

I snorted and hopped down from the raised platform, sitting on the arm of her chair. "Promiscuous?" Yuuya could act like many things, promiscuous wasn't one of them.

"Your father is going to hire a hitman."

She replied dryly, hiding a smile. "Whatever for?"

"You're trying to get me killed, aren't you?"

\* \* \*

><p>Takamaru yawned, lips bending around the canine fangs. From this angle, the silver bands at the base of his teeth showed. We were patrolling in a district with a notably high population of demons and gangsters.<p>

It was quiet tonight, remarkably quiet. We hadn't heard sirens in an hour or more. Takamaru stretched and yawned again-he wasn't tired, just bored as hell.

I checked my watch. "It's ten to three,"

"This time feels really natural to me, recently. You figure it had anything to do with \_that\_?"

I shrugged. "You'd have to ask Maria." I ran a hand through my ponytail, contemplating. "Actually, you're not that different from the Rasetsu."

"Rasetsu?"

"Fake Oni. They were made from an elixir back in the eighteen

sixties,"

"Huh. You have any personal experience with them?"

"Yeah; pumping silver bullets in their chests. Of course, there's none around now, and that's thanks to me andâ€" for a moment I was about to say 'you'. "Harada Sanosuke . . ."

Takamaru's face remained blank. "Nice. You look good for someone pushing, what, a hundred and fifty?"

A grin cracked my lips, dropping quickly. I ducked into a nearby doorway, Takamaru took the alleyway. I slid my gun from its holster and waved it at the group of people turning down the street.

A couple buff looking guys, demons, headed the group. A snake demon with his neck stretched out held up the rear. They kicked a tall youth in the back, but he refused to crumple, walking proudlyâ€"his hands tied behind his back.

"You wouldn't tie me up with this shit if I weren't a threat to you!" he shouted. His lip was split, and his eye was blacked. They pounded him on the back of his head and he fell heavily, on his face.

I stepped out, resting my gun on my shoulder. They didn't feel the least bit threatened, what a tough bunch.

"Buzz off, geezer."

"Obviously, they haven't heard about me," I drawled. Takamaru stepped behind me, taser arcing a current of electricity.

Every one of them pulled a knife. I rolled my eyes. When would people stop taking knives to gunfights?

Takamaru tackled one to the ground, shoving the taser under the guy's chin. I fired one shot and they turned tail. One guy even dropped his knife. Cowards, the lot of them.

The kid in the bindings remained and Takamaru bent down to remove the rope. His hands smoked and my brow stiffened. He grit his teeth, fangs pressing against the silver stoppers, and ripped the rope in two.

His hands were burned, I could smell it, and in the dim lighting the imprint of the scorch marks receded, healed in seconds.

I crouched next to the kid, looking him over. He was tall, but his muscles were only beginning to fill out, his face still slightly chubby. I'd guess he was about fifteen.

"Kid, what were you thinking, getting involved with those goons?"

He turned his nose up at me, petulantly. He refused to look at me. His demon was close to the surface, a ring of blue glowing in his eyes. "If they hadn't used that shitty rope. . ."

I pulled him to his feet, trying not to notice he had several inches on me. "This is the real world, Kid, get used to it." I could have sworn I'd seen him somewhere before, the squared jaw and stubborn

chin. "Do I know you from somewhere?"

"No sir, not me," he replied, dusting himself off. "I'll be going now, but don't think I owe you. I would have given them what for, eventually."

Takamaru smirked and chuckled, hiding his taser. The kid stalked past him, turning his nose up at him too.

"What kind of demon was he?"

"No idea."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>I'm picking this up again, after a shamefully long time. My voice of Shiranui has changed a bit but I'll try my best to blend it back together. I had a few chapters planned out right from the get-go so hopefully I can post fairly regularly.<strong>

\*\*Thanks for the encouragement to pick this fanfic up!\*\*

### 3. Chapter 3

\*\*A big thank you to ArchemedesAckermann and everyone else that reviewed this story, even after it sat unattended for a full year. Thank you!\*\*

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><p><strong>The Secret Life of Shiranui Kyou<strong>

\*\*Chapter 3: Girl friends.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>I ritually arrived at Yuuya's favorite coffee shop, baristas soft smiles fading immediately. I had that affect on most people. I turned towards the far window seat and stopped in my tracks. Yuuya was there, on time.<p>

Damn, I had to pay today.

"Vanilla bean coffee, strawberry shake," I rattled off, dropping a handful of coins on the counter.

"Two sugars, no cream," the barista grumbled, poking at the change. "Just a moment, please."

It wasn't like Yuuya to be early. I resisted the urge to stare her down from across the coffee shop. Her urgency in getting could make a guy assume the worse, even an optimistic guy like me.

I almost spilled my coffee navigating through the tangle of mismatched wooden chairs and tables. Yuuya smirked.

"Why are you here?"

"For our coffee date, remember? You weren't planning on meeting



someone else here, were you?"

I scowled at her. "Alright. What's up?"

"Oh, nothing much." She coyly examined her nails. "Your suit should be ready for pickup any day now. I just wanted to let you know you might want to keep it reserved for another occasion."

"Tch." What else did she want to torture me with? I hated wearing fancy getup. "What now?"

She smiled at me, amused by my exasperation.

"Yuuya," I warned. My patience was really wearing thin with all her dancing about.

She plopped her lumpy purse onto the table, slipping a crisp envelope out. She revealed the thick cardstock invitation, waving it petulantly.

"You're invited to our wedding!" she sang. "There is no trouble telling two artists are getting married. Look at this-it's practically a piece of art itself."

She showed it off, pulling away when I made to grab it. Probably didn't want my grubby hands on the textured, off-white, paper.

"We figured we would save a perfectly good wedding invitation by only sending one to you (these things are expensive), so tell Shiranui for us." Yuuya read, lips curled. "We all know he'd throw it away and forget about it later. Maria and Ren."

"I wouldn't forget," I snorted. "I just wouldn't go."

She kicked me under the table and I almost sprayed my coffee. She was getting more daring with her timing there.

"Alright, alright!" I coughed, wiping my nose with a napkin. "Your father isn't going to be happy about this."

"Will you stop saying that? Ren and Maria are the ones getting married, not us." She slurped on her drink, angrily setting the shake down. "Ken-nii is the one inheriting his property, title, and fortune."

"Yeah? You're his only daughter."

Her mouth hardened stubbornly. "Excuse me! One strawberry shortcake, please!"

\* \* \*

><p>I met up with Takamaru later that night, just after he got off his relatively 'normal' job. I stopped short however. There was a woman with him.<p>

She was head and shoulders shorter than him with minky black hair. I couldn't see her face from this angle but saw from her stiff posture that she was giving him a talking to.

"Senpai, Takamaru-senpai! Will you just answer me? Have you been taking drugs?"

Takamaru's standoffish attitude frayed a little at that accusation. My cheek twitched and I backed behind a tall street shrub, holding back a snicker.

"No way have I been,"

It would certainly make more sense for an uninvolved party like her to assume drugs when she saw the broken blood vessels in Takamaru's eyes. Any sane human being wouldn't dream he'd become a half-breed demon after drinking demon blood.

"I'm not on drugs, Haruka. I've just been working extra hours,"

She looked dubious. That's all I needed for a little prank.

"Hey man!" I called, stepping away from the bush. "Are we still going drinking tonight?"

Takamaru glared murder at me for a split second, honey eyes blackening. I was the only one to see it in the poor lighting.

She turned a newly concerned look at Takamaru, frowning at him.

"Have you been out clubbing every night?" her voice lifted an octave. "I'm not saying clubbing is wrong, but there are limits to these things. Think about your health, Senpai."

"I know. I know, so don't worry so much. I'm not killing myself over it,"

He walked away, ending the conversation without so much of a 'see ya' or 'goodnight'. I caught up to him, pleased with my little indulgence.

Takamaru looked over his shoulder once, checking that we were out of eye and earshot. He shoved me and I rolled across the pavement, laughing.

"And you say I've got it bad,"

"She's not my girlfriend."

"But you want her to be,"

Takamaru sullenly refused to respond. I only meant to tease him a little. Only, I'd apparently hit the nail on the head.

"I'm not saying this to be the bearer of bad news, but starting a relationship with a human right now is a really bad idea."

He quietly exhaled. "I know."

At that moment he reminded me so much of Harada Sanosuke, and I found myself wondering if he had ever left a woman behind.

"Your life sucks."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Tsubaki Takamaru<strong>

\* \* \*

><p>I sprang up to my apartment at three in the morning. The night guard didn't even ask anymore.<p>

I kind of liked the daring freedom I felt every time the sun went down. Not in an out of control kind of way-just in an appreciative. . kind of way.

The whole nightlife scene just fit right in with me, even the redundant street patrolling the Agano insisted upon. It all had a pleasant déjà vu feel.

I stepped around the staircase and jaunted down the hall to my room.

My good mood came crashing down around me. It was late-real late by most standards-and yet I spotted her curled up outside my door.

Ueno Haruka. I blinked up at the ceiling, taking a deep breath before approaching her.

"Haruka. What are you doing here?"

She looked up, bleary eyed. "I came to check on you."

I kept my cool, just barely. "How'd you even get up here? The night guard doesn't let anyone in without an ID and apartment key."

Her mouth hinted at the softest of smiles. "My dad's the chief of police, remember?"

I nodded, offering my hand out to help her up.

"What are you really doing? You don't smell of booze at all."

"I can't tell you that, Haruka."

"Why? Why can't you tell me that?" she stood on her toes, fists balled. My head snapped the other way.

Her no-nonsense hairstyle fell over her shoulder, tilted head showing off her thin neck. The pulsing veins practically wafted her scent at me.

I slammed one hand against my door, leaning over her, and she dropped off her tiptoes. She lowered her head, cheeks faintly colored. I was glad my keys were still in my back pocket. If they'd been in my hand I might have been tempted to open the door and push her in.

"Go home."

She met my gaze, dark eyes trembling. "Walk me out?"

I shook my head quickly. "The night guard is still on duty. You'll be fine."

Haruka swept away, rubbing her arm awkwardly, and I fled inside-throwing the door shut with a loud bang.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Thanks for reading! <strong>

End  
file.